

Father Peter's Policy Discover'd: Or, the Prince of *Wales* Pro'd a *Popish* Perkin.

IN *Rome* there is a most fearful Rout,
And what do you think it is about,
Because the Birth of the Babe's come out:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.

The Jesuits swear the Midwife told tales,
And ruin'd His Highness the Prince of *Wales*;
She's a Jade for her pains, Cutsplutter-anails:
Sing lulla, &c.

The Popish Crew did all protest,
That twenty great Men would swear at least,
They see His *Welsh* Highness creep out of his Nest:
Sing lulla, &c.

The Goggle-ey'd Monster in the *Tower*,
He peep'd at his Birth for above an hour,
And 'twas a true Prince of *Wales* he Swore:
Sing lulla, &c.

Another great Lord, both Grave and Wise,
Stood peeping between Her Majesties Thighs;
He look'd through a Glasse for to save his Eyes;
Sing lulla, &c.

Both were so well satisfy'd,
They knew the sweet Babe from a thousand they cry'd;
'Twas Born with the Print of a Tile on his side:
Sing lulla, &c.

Some say 'tis a Prince of *Wales* by Right,
And those that deny it 'tis out of Spight;
But God send the Mother came honestly by't:
Sing lulla, &c.

Some Priest, they say, crept nigh her Honour,
And sprinkled some good Holy Water upon her,
Which made her conceive of what has undone her:
Sing lulla, &c.

The Papists thought themselves greatly blest,
Before the young Babe was brought to the Test;
But now they call *Peters* a Fool of a Priest:
Sing lulla, &c.

The Priests in order to fly to the Pope,
Are got on Board on the Foreign Hope,
For all that stay here will be sure of a Rope:
Sing lulla by Babee, by, by, by.